

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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TIGHTWIRE



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THE NEW TIGHTWIRE
January - February, 1976
Volume II - Edition I

The TIGHTWIRE is a publication printed every second month, presented by the inmates of the Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. We wish to dissolve the barriers of physical imprisonment by sharing our attempts to free ourselves from the mental bondages that engulf us. Our printed words are meant to educate, not alienate you. They are the expressed thoughts, feelings, ideas and attitudes which issue forth from the brains of a writer. These are her/his sole possessions and wings toward freedom. Therefore, the contents herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the administration. We welcome advice or criticism from you, the reader, and will be happy to print your articles or letters. Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

Please address all inquiries, correspondence, checks or money orders for subscriptions to:

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Marie Grenier

Subscription Rate: Six Issues - \$2.00

TIGHTWIRE STARS

Tokyo

Beda
Berndtsson

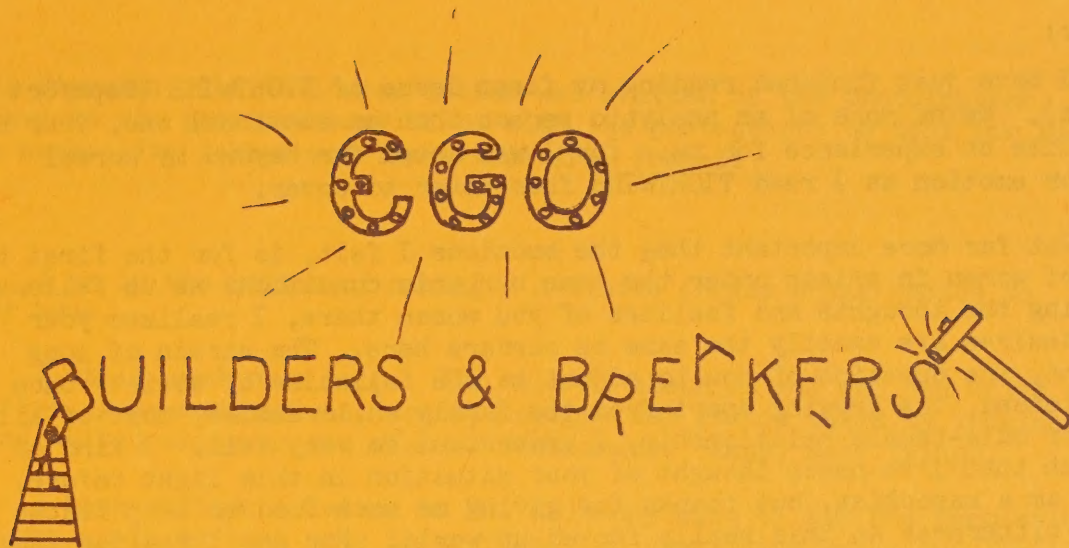
Jude
Geehan

Caro
Walters

Diana
Voss

Marcella
Levi

George
Watson



Dear Editor of the Tightwire (Whoever you may be!)

Due to the fact that I hardly write any complaints to you people since I know you're trying your best! But I don't understand Martian talk! Some of your items are down to earth, the paper is about offences and our life outside and in these walls, not about space or some unknown philosopher. Please continue Nancy stories, poems and short stories but make it down to our mentality.

From an inmate who prefers to
remain Anonymous
Here at KP4W

Dear Editor:

After reading the latest edition of TIGHTWIRE I felt compelled to write you. I have one strong desire and that is profound newspapers and magazines that tell it like it is of how people who speak out are suppressed, of how people who want liberty are denied their rights, of how people who pursue life are punished even with death, and of how "The People" who rebel against these injustices are quickly isolated and are taken out of society to be punished, that these newspapers and magazines would remember their basic ideals and goals and not complicate their needed truths by getting lost in the mire of politics.

How often "The People" who are these freedoms are forgotten. "The People" will not forget and I believe you will'nt either. From all the members of the Quarter Century Group who read and enjoyed the latest issue of TIGHTWIRE we wish to say hello and thanks for a fine magazine, and a special thanks to Rose Wu.

From Yours Truly,

Ted G., Chairman
Quarter Century Group
Millhaven

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading my first issue of TIGHTWIRE (Sept/Oct and Nov/Dec). Being more of an analytic person than an emotional one, your mag has been quite an experience for me. For I was moved far beyond my normal capacity for emotion as I read TIGHTWIRE from cover to cover.

But far more important than the emotions I felt, is for the first time I thought of women in prison under the same barbaric conditions as us fellows are. Reading the thoughts and feelings of you women there, I realized your needs and desires are exactly the same as ours are here. The strain of long imprisonment, the question of how to adjust to the fallacies of society once you are released, the growing apart from the family while inside, most of all, the need for male-female relationship, I understand so very well. I kind of feel foolish that I've never thought of your situation in this light before. Not that I am a masochist, but thanks for giving me more food to help fester my growing bitterness at this really fucked up world. For now I realize there are more people amongst the ranks of designed human torture in our "good Christian society" than I had first thought. What a despicable breast of hypocrisy we are all nursed on from childhood up! And sadly, most people are never weaned.

I would like to make some kind of intelligent statement about the articles and poetry in TIGHTWIRE; also offer praise to those who wrote them. But in my stumble-bumble way I fear I could not do justice to either. Perhaps it is significant just to say TIGHTWIRE is great, and ask you to kindly pass along my love and congratulations to all the girls for the enlightenment I received from their work.

Yours in Bedlam,

Charles W.
Millhaven

P.S. Here is the official title of the Peace and Security package: "Phase One in how to control the public and insure peace, security and power to the government, police and affiliated organizations."

B.J., Rose, Marcella, Sue, Terri, Donna, Marie, Caro, Jude:

Thank you for your friendly letter. I had not intended a mystery. Only a gesture because I have never met a stranger. Personal communications is the key to world peace--and inner peace. Everyone must open up and work for the benefit of the less fortunate. If each person remains an island the politicians have clear sailing to continue screwing all the people. So, in response... by an occasional offering you will appreciate I will feel I am paying my dues. Sharing is my way of life. My wife died in December and I will answer any letters you individuals care to write. I do not deal in personalities and never make a moral judgment. Each person is a resource of some kind. All of you are my friends.

Peace,

Dolph F.
Fortuna, California

Editorial Comment: The "occasional offering" Dolph refers to are the numerous paperbacks he's sent us on various aspects of our social strata.

Editorial Comment: The following letter was written by the photographer Pierre Gaudard who provided many of us with the photographs he took for his upcoming book. The letter was translated from French:

Cheri,

I am in the middle of making a definite choice which photos to use in my book.

I still need your help. The help of those of you who can write such nice stories, yes--confessions, poems, designs and photos taken by inmates (black and white) whatever you wish to contribute. Many, many things.

I have written a letter to Mr. Chinnery also to ask his permission to visit you again to take some interviews. If everything works out I will come with two girls who speak better English than me and then we can have a long conversation with you.

Hope to see you soon.

Love,

Pierre

Editorial Comment: If you have poems, stories, drawings, or black and white photos you would like sent to Pierre, please contact TIGHTWIRE for address.

Dear Friends:

When I didn't receive TIGHTWIRE for such a long time I was really disappointed, so you can imagine my joy when your four month edition arrived. My twenty years on the street have made me very sensitive and sympathetic to the kind of things you are saying.

Recently I was given a painting that was done by an artist by the name of Santana who is presently serving time in a penitentiary. The picture is of a young child with innocent loving eyes holding a dead rat in it's teeth. The story behind the picture as I understand it is that Santana had to get the picture out of the Pen or it would be destroyed. He was not allowed to hang it in his cell even.

So--a friend of mine who was visiting her man at the Pen was given the picture and she proudly brought it home and hung it in her bedroom. Her mother freaked out and once again the picture was to be shunned and threatened with destruction. Very late one night my friend showed up at my door with a large black garbage bag containing the picture. She seemed almost afraid to show me the picture and rightly so after all the problems that had arisen around it.

I immediately hung it in my livingroom. Not only that, I am in the process of having it put on my business cards. The picture really says what the true state of our society has become. The hypocrites that shun the picture

as though it were the very worst and most obscene thing they had ever seen or heard of, make me sick. The truth is that far worse things than a baby eating a rat happens everyday. And who knows that better than you. I have the highest of regards and respect for all of you. Keep writing and saying the things you know are true. Your small corner of the globe is one of the last strongholds for telling it "like it tis."

From the heart,

Joan C.
Toronto, Ontario

MARRIAGE MARKET

(Written by Joan C. in 1943 at age 13)

When you got married, years ago;
Your husband swooned, I love you so;
We'll build a cottage, yours and mine,
With roses growing all the time.
I'll hold you closely in my arms
And tell you all your many charms,
And then the patter of little feet,
They'll look like you, lovely and sweet.
All these things your Hubby planned,
Clinging gently to your mind.

And now some twenty years gone by,
Who should drop in but Hubby and I,
A dirty towel lies on the floor,
The landlord's banging on the door,
The cupboards bare, the bills are high,
And in your mind you're asking 'Why?'
I see a little frown appear,
A sigh, a sob, and then a tear,
Then a dozen voices squeal,
Mamma I'm hungry, where's the meal?

Heavy steps are heard outside,
Daddy's home the children cried,
At supper you hear 'The spuds are raw,
Why don't you learn to cook Maw?'
And now at last the kids in bed
You wearily shake your aching head,
You slump into an easy chair,
And brush away your old grey hair,
With furrowed lines upon your brow,
You now recall your Hubby's vow.

Instead of roses 'round your door,
Your living on the eighteenth floor.
Your golden curls are thin and straight,
You can't afford an upper plate,
Those vows he made, he didn't keep;
Only the one about pattering feet,
Your mind; is weary you'd like to rest,
But hubby's snoring, his loudest and best,
In mental solitude you dream of all the things
That might have been.

And now to the reader I'd like to say,
If you are single stay that way.
But if you're married, both women and men,
Don't you wish you were single again?

Editorial Committee,

First of all your mag. is fantastic! It can also be quite demoralizing to someone (like me) that is planning and succeeding on a small scale, to issue a prison newspaper, one look at yours makes ours over here look like a kindergarten effort. But at least it gives one something to shoot at, as to how a prison paper could be.

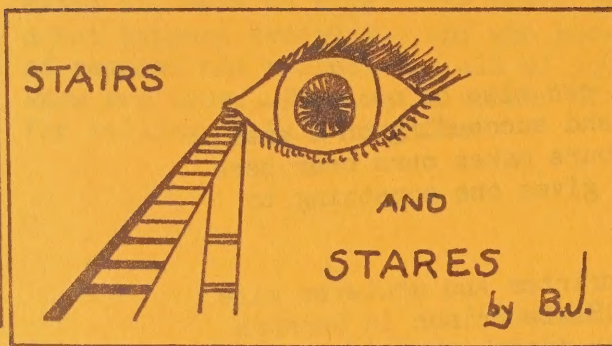
The paper of which I am editor, typist, printer and whatever else that it takes to get a paper out, is located in a State Prison in Denmark (Vridsløselille--pronounce it if you can) and it is read with mixed reactions by some 150 men from all over the world. This institution is the one where they stow all of the foreigners that happen to get busted here in the Land of H.C. Anderson. I, myself being a Canadian, your paper struck an even bigger cord, what with being something from "home."

I have taken the liberty of reprinting a couple of Rose Wu's poems, as I personally thought that they were great, and if the meatheads that read my paper don't like them, well tough t---y!

I happened to get one of your issues through an American that is sitting here who had gotten it from someone sitting in your "play pen." But since that he is a relatively short timer and I still have 4-5 years more to enjoy the hospitality of the Danish government, I just wanted to ask you if you have an extra copy of your mag., just to remember the address over here.

Your Admiring,

Arne O.
Albertslund, Denmark



We'd like to express our disappointment in the departure of Sister Loretta McCarthy whose vibrant, determined character was a positive force in this institutional setting. It would seem that the administrative staff could have done more than they did to prevent the loss of such an effective personality whose realistic approach to the rehabilitation process is one that is sorely needed. It's not necessary to play the violins and sing a dirge as the lack of her presence in the building is felt by everyone.

The twelve women participants in Swimathon 1976 representing KP4W were Nicky A., Gail B., Pat Ch., Pat C., Edna C., Mary Anne F., Jude G., Marie Gen., Marie Gr., Sue H., Judy P., and Geri P. The Swimathon is a swim-marathon which relies on the number of laps a team is able to swim with pledges being placed on the teams. Our group was divided into two teams, the winning team receiving a trophy. Staff at KP4W pledged \$180.00, the money going to support the YWCA programs particularly the Summer Camp program for Disabled Children.

Appreciation goes to Ed Samms and his crew at the City Parks Department for their help in clearing our yard for a hoped-for ice rink. Unfortunately the sun did its thing and the rink didn't happen. However we're pleased with the

cooperation and effort put forth by the Kingston City Parks Department.

I believe it's true enough to say that the lure of the BIG MAC, french fries, apple turn-over and orange drink from McDonalds were primarily responsible for the success of our first Winter Sport Festival. For that reason we thank Rick Hessian, Manager of McDonalds and Mary Waller, Hostess for providing us with free BIG MACs and free orange drinks. We'd hoped to have Ronald McDonald on the scene but he couldn't make it.

Operation Springboard, a Toronto based organization which lends assistance to cons, ex-cons and their families has announced a contest which they are sponsoring for the inmates of all Federal Penitentiaries. The contest is for designing a letterhead for Operation Springboard, Inc. and the only rule is that the person submitting the design must be an inmate of a Federal Penitentiary currently serving a sentence inside an institution. The design must incorporate the name Operation Springboard, Inc along with a graphical design, and be submitted on a sheet of 8½ x 11 inch paper. Entries must be submitted by midnight, June 30, winners will be announced July 25, 1976 and the first prize is \$50; the 2nd prize is \$25. Send entries to Operation Springboard, 315 Dundas, Toronto, Ontario

KP4W THANKS TO.....

E. Fry for their annual Valentines Day Dance, featuring the soft rock music of Skyhound, a group from Ottawa.

Bittersweet for their exhibition of the History and Progress of Women in Canada.

Prison Arts Foundation for sponsoring the Max Factor Demonstration in which promotional samples and beauty care information were given to those participating.

Michael Hasek, guest performer from one of the local coffeehouses, for his bluesy musical renditions.

P4W LOSES AGAIN
by nancy ward-armour

The Prison for Women has suffered the loss of Sister Loretta McCarthy at the Tuesday night Chapel Group as well as the Chaplains' role she unofficially filled so well.

For the past six years, Loretta worked in the prison assisting girls with their problems both during and after their release.

A bed was always empty for an inmate with nowhere to go on release. Coffee and sandwiches for Day Parolees who were looking for work. A place of refuge for those of us to get our head together if we messed up on the street. To many it meant the difference between giving up and going back behind the wall or trying one more time.

I've seen her house full with women and children who travelled long distances to visit their husbands and fathers in an area prison. They could not afford to do so unless Loretta gave them food and shelter. Quite often they would turn up on her doorstep, no money for transportation home again. Loretta would phone all over town arranging a ride home with someone who was going their way. No social agency in town could do all she has done. They do not have the connections or the compassion.

She can not be replaced. When they made Loretta they threw away the mould.

STARTING THE YEAR OFF RIGHT
nancy ward-armour

The new tightwire is moving into its' second sensational, colossal, magnifiscent, (got carried away there) year. What a year it was.....

Paper shortages, nationwide ones threatened us with total extinction, or at least smaller editions.

We persevered, "print on toilet paper if it gets drastic", we cried. However, the paper kept bunging up in the carriage of old faithful here.

Another problem the toilet paper editions posed was, the total non-cooperation of the federal post office. That bureaucracy of quasi-efficiency, steadfastly maintained that our neat and nifty little rolls would not fit in the stamp cancellation machines.

Another blow to our brainchild was thrown. "It will ruin our image", we were told. We may be dubbed 'tightwad', or 'crapaper' or worse !.....' With that we flushed the scheme.

Then came the great mailstrike. How to send three-hundred copies with no mailservice? "Passenger pigeons", came the cry from the determined staff of Tightwire. We spent days and weeks catching and training the many little feathered creatures who make their home at Pettycoat Palace.

"Anarchy", I cried as the little sniveling beasties revolted at the weight of our newspapers. Unrelenting they threatened to report us to the Audubon Society. "Stool Pigeons", I retorted. So in loyalty to our faithful readers we tried microfilm...

It proved a nuisance to type on but, we managed to get the most important part, 'the subscription notices out'. Also the pigeons were satisfied with the relative lightness of our emergency edition, 'Microwire'.

With all systems go, we prepared to transport the pigeons to the outside world by all inmates on passes. They were released into the sky from various major cities, and of course the majority being released from the back door of Kingstons Royal Tavern. The little winged creatures soared higher and higher, then, recidivists that they are returned to the P4W.

"Drats", chortled co-editor bj, "we appeared to have caught homing pigeons." Not to be deterred we went back to the drawing board.

The faithful kiteline, the one source of mail service that has never let a prison down, was our last resort. For years the inmate population across the nation have recieved, with the regularity of the morning line from Chicago, vital news down through the decades. "Brilliant idea", we prided ourselves. We could, we mused, contract the whole nations mail.

Think of the glory, think of the fame, "inmate population across Canada save Government from disgrace", read the headlines in our fancy. Think of the rewards, "inmates across Canada granted pardons for saving the government from a national disaster!" Think of the fringe benifits, "inmates across Canada make millions as only operating mail service". Think also the final outcome, "ex-inmates across Canada jailed on charges of creating an illegal monopoly"...Goes to show you just can't beat the system.....

So, we here at Tightwire, were 'locked in' a predicament along with the rest of our 'fair country'. We would just have to wait it out.

As of this writing the co-editor is standing opposite me, wrapping up the last two editions of our merry mag'(which is wrapped up as one giant economy edition) and grumbling away at the manufacturers of our special, heavy duty stapler, which has proved to be not so heavy duty.....Now to put the old year behind us and on to the problems of producing this years Tightwire. "What do you mean the staplers broke and we can't requisition one till the new fiscal year in April, which will take a few months to come".....

TALKMEET

This issue's TALKMEET was held with Audrey Legris (pronounced Legree) of the hospital staff. I personally am not familiar with the staff in the hospital but I was impressed with the spontaneity of the answers Ms. Legris gave, the minor changes that were made in the answers given in the typed draft of this interview and the rapidity with which the draft was returned to be printed. Ms. Legris, affectionately termed "Simon" by inmates who know her well, was a pleasure to interview.

QUESTION: Tell a little about yourself, how long you've been here, what your position is and what schooling you've had to be eligible for the position?

ANSWER: I've been here 19 years the first of August. I'm the Senior Health Care Officer. If I were working someplace else the position similar to the one I hold here would be the Supervisor in a hospital. Actually, what it works out to here is that I get paid a little bit more because I do a little bit of everything. I am a registered nurse graduated from Kingston General Hospital.

QUESTION: How many of you are on the hospital staff?

ANSWER: There are seven R.N.'s on the staff plus myself. Dr. William Amodeo is the medical doctor and Dr. L. Coleman-Forgues is the psychiatrist. Dr. Amodeo comes in three days a week and is always on call. We work under the doctor's directions and follow out his orders. Dr. Forgues has a certain number of hours which she puts in here and she also is on call.

QUESTION: Do you feel the facilities and number of staff here are adequate?

ANSWER: Yes, the staff number is adequate at the present time. The facilities are also adequate--for what we are doing now. We are hoping for a psychiatric unit. There is a proposal to build a formal psychiatric

hospital for the Penitentiary Services in this area and we are expecting to have a certain number of beds in that, at which time we will probably require more staff.

QUESTION: In what condition, physically and mentally, do you generally find the women in when we are first admitted?

ANSWER: With almost everyone there is a certain amount of depression and/or agitation at being here. Physically it is hard to say. I would say that the general overall condition of inmates has improved compared to what it used to be. We are not getting as many heroin addicts who as a general rule have neglected their physical well being.

QUESTION: Do you feel there are more illnesses here within a given amount of time than there would be on the street?

ANSWER: We get the average number of appendicitis and gall bladder cases but we do have special cases due to nutritional deficiencies and bodily abuse due to alcoholism and drug addiction. If you took 100 women off the street you wouldn't get such a high percentage of these ailments. Also, the confinement and frustration of being in here contribute to emotional problems. A lot of the problems that we have in here that we give medication for, the women wouldn't have if they weren't in here.

QUESTION: What are common complaints?

ANSWER: Colds, virus infections, sprains, occasional fractures of a bone. But, in spite of all the complaints we get, in my 18 years there have only been four deaths.

QUESTION: How much medication is given out per week, approximately?

ANSWER: We do have records because we send in monthly reports to Regional Headquarters. About 50 per cent of the medication we give out is prescribed, the other 50 per cent is not prescribed. An example is during one week in February we gave out 5,445 doses of medication, both prescribed and non-prescribed.

QUESTION: What are the non-prescribed medications given?

ANSWER: Non-prescribed (over-the-counter) medications are laxatives, aspirins, cough syrups, antacids, 222's.

QUESTION: Are some of the medications used here still in the experimental stage?

ANSWER: No. Fifteen years ago, however, a blind study was conducted on a medication in pill form to alleviate menstrual cramps. Some of the women were given the actual medication, others were given a placebo. Half of the women given the placebo reported back that the medication had worked and their cramps had gone away. Half of the women given the actual medication reported back that the medication was ineffective. There have been no experimentations since then.

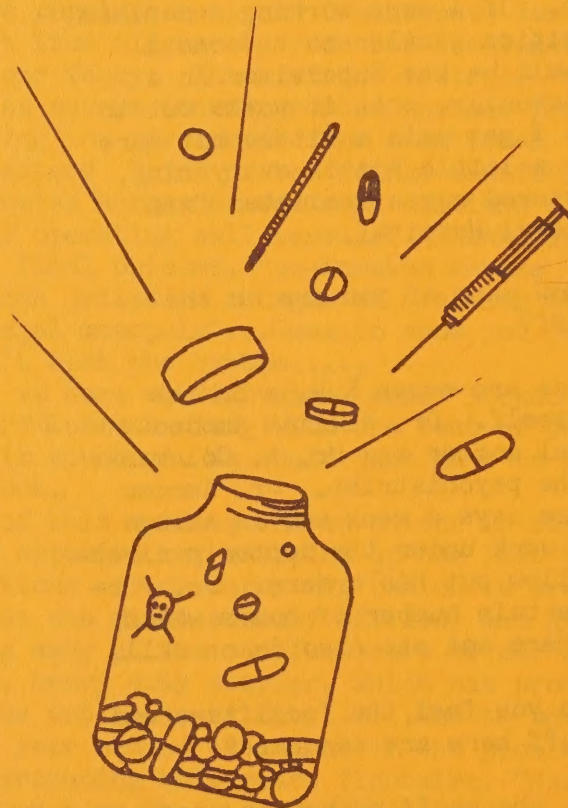
QUESTION: Many of the inmates in here feel that the health care services are relying heavily on chemotherapy, the use of chemical agents in the treatment or control of mental conditions. Do you feel this is true?

ANSWER: No I don't believe that is happening. We do use tranquilizers but they are used very carefully under the doctor's direction and the effects are carefully observed and noted. For example, if something

occurred that upset you, B.J., badly we would give you something to help calm you until you were able to cope with the situation. An average dose given to someone who is not accustomed to it, would certainly slow them down considerably. A few people anywhere they are, here or on the street, take tranquilizers steadily because they can't deal with the stress of everyday life.

QUESTION: Is there anything you'd like to say in conclusion?

ANSWER: The big thing right now is that we are hoping for the psychiatric unit. This we feel is the greatest need for people that we can't do much for. If we had a place for these few people, it would give the others a better atmosphere.



IS THERE A TOOTHBRUSH IN THE HOUSE?

By nancy ward-armour

Yes, we do need a Prisoner's Union. More than ever before, we, the minority group of all minority groups, need a voice. We need a strong voice, bigger even than my mouth. Some of you will say impossible. But, in this day of modern technology, one needs something to smack the system right in the face with. Strong words you say, well, when one has the problems and red tape I encounter in trying to requisition a toothbrush, I say we need a union...

The truth of the matter is, I am now in my fourth day of tooth decay. That's right folks, four days of those little monsters, you've seen them on TV attacking from all angles, and no one cares. Here is how it all started: I was brought back to this house of limestone loveliness on Thursday night. I did not win in Canada's fun time family show, "The Parole Game," my day parole was terminated. As I was not classed "new admission," and after regular lock-up hours, and no one knowing what to do with a strange case as myself, I was to spend the night in the hospital. Being very popular in this building, everyone was there to welcome me back. The Director, "need anything and you can call on me," he smiled.

"I know you missed me, Doug."

"Have a nice night's sleep," my CO wished cheerfully as the BIG PINK STEEL DOOR went CLANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNG.

I was issued one pair of (too short, too wide) very nifty Dior-type styled pj's and no toothbrush! Next day was a Friday. My CO looked in on me early in the morning, no doubt to see if my eggs were once over lightly as I prefer them, but I was still in the land of Nod. He did not want to disturb me, so left. Off to see the Doctor. I could tell by the gleam in his eye he too was glad to see his favorite patient back. It is nice to know you are missed while away from home...Showing his concern he sent me for Xrays. The day was beautiful for an outing to the old north gate. The results of my very photogenic lungs were

that I was confined to bedrest. That should have been my first clue. "Get the toothbrush before they close the hospital door." However not foreseeing the trouble that lay ahead, in trying to obtain one little toothbrush, I set about eating my supper. It was shortly after this time that I asked if there was a toothbrush in the house? See what we can do, I was assured. Knowing things cannot be done instantaneously, I was prepared to wait a few hours. Shift change, and still no toothbrush. "They have probably overlooked my dilemma," I thought, so I repeated said request. "Why did you not ask the last shift," was the reply I knew would start the show rolling. The next morning I was becoming perturbed, "Gimme a Gawdamn toothbrush," I said in a polite tone of voice. The toothbrush was going to be as difficult to obtain as the pencils, in the days of the great pencil shortage. The whole situation boils down to this: In a big box, in the issuing officers office, is an overabundant supply of plastic wrapped for hygienic purposes and in every color of the rainbow, toothbrushes. My situation is this: situated two floors up, separated by three steel barriers and three locked doors, only two and a half minutes away from this cache am I. Without a toothbrush. What would Rommel, the Desert Rat have done in this situation. The problem seems to be communications I surmised. Somewhere in this complexity of bureaucratic communications there is a breakdown. To add to the seriousness of this situation is the fact that it is the holiday season. It is the issuing officer's long holiday weekend. And no one wants to go over her head and issue me a toothbrush.

It is now my fifth day of tooth decay. Experimentation proves that toothpowder does not stick to one's forefinger. Knowing the situation had reached the stage of rampant, epidemic by now, proportions I am resolved to take the situation into my own hands. Cutting through the red tape I send a kite, illegal note, to any inmate with an idiot pass to travel between departments and send message to anyone who can reach the area where the toothbrushes are. I have

even tried to check myself out of the hospital and sign a slip relinquishing the medical staff of any blame if I get sick, to obtain our one and only weapon against my infliction. The long weekend is over and kite is on its way to issuing officer's area. It has worked. Inmate sent toothbrush via another inmate and I am saved just before my decay became fatal I'm sure.

When you need something done in any government run institution, do it by any means available to you, but not, by normal procedures as this true life story relates.

Yes we need a Prisoners Union, and first on my list of requests will be the availability of toothbrushes upon demand.

PINNING THE DONKEY ON THE TAIL by nancy ward-armour

Yessiree Bob, Canada is finally achieving its aim set out years ago by over zealous crimestoppers. To keep all its citizens right where they can be easily and readily reached at any given time. In prison.

We will finally be a world leader in something. Jailing. In find Canadian "head in the sand" approach, we have admitted that we are too timid to attempt rehabilitation, so we will just lock up all our malcontents and throw away the key. What's twenty-five years out of the average lifetime anyway. A mere drop in the bucket. Our youth will spring in time to collect their old age pension. What more can one ask for. Three square, an eight by five, and all your thinking done for you. Better even than a total welfare state. The Bytown Boys have set a precedent in assinine approaches to problem solving. Some of our leaders fear we may go a little bonkers being locked up for a quarter of a century. No fear there. With an hour a month at the headshrinkers, we should be over the cuckoos nest in

no time. Then they can shift the case-load to that of mental institutions and the statistics will take care of themselves. Then we can again lead the world...in mental patients.

REHABILITATE CAN BE FOUND IN THE DICTIONARY BETWEEN..... By nancy ward-armour

Rehabilitate: Look it up in the dictionary. In front of me is my trusty book of knowledge; "Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary. Under the heading REHABILITATE is the meaning applied to we the offender; "to restore to good repute by vindicating."

Now what is the true meaning of vindicating as is applied to us? Well here is where it gets a bit sticky. Under VINDICATE: (1) to set free: deliver; (2) avenge; (3) exonerate, absolve (confirm, substantiate), to provide justification or defense for; justify; to protect from attack or encroachment; defend; (4) to maintain a right to.

I prefer the first example, to set free... however, I assume the authorities prefer the last one, to maintain a right to....

Worse still the further down the page I go under vindicative and the branches of this horrid word I find, vengeance, punitive, vicious, spiteful, etc, etc, etc.

Do they mean they will actually try to beat a person into goodness? No wonder rehabilitation is failing.

Turning the pages back to REHABILITATION I find it falls between two words with the meaning that more applies to the methods that are in use in our penitentiary systems.

REGURGITATE: to throw or pour back out; and REHASH: to present again in another form without substantial change or improvement.

WHAT'S COOKING???

By Marcella Levi

It was a colorful sight. Never before had such a varied company been gathered around one table. The table was huge and perfectly round, especially designed for the occasion. It symbolized the world, or more precisely, the worldwide representation of members of the Congregation of Progressive Saints.

For years and years now the Congregation had been working on lots of innovations in the sloppy situation the religious communities had been in for immeasurable time. For example, several years ago a fierce debate had arisen about what to do about the mutual competition between all the various religious communities all over the Universe.

People were killing each other in the name of their God, or whoever it was they put all their destructive energy behind, and it was obvious that there was no such God anyway, the Congregation had decided. History had superfluously proved by now, that God or no God, the world was on the Eve of Destruction.

So, the first initiators of these ideas had gathered the most "progressive" disciples of each religion and they had put all their heads together to finally do something about this deteriorating situation. They made a lot of propaganda for their ideas which they formulated as follows: "We the innovators of a new age have found it necessary to abolish all religions of the world for the sake of unity. We will consult all means to recreate the Universe to its original state, as one single entity. No more Gods!! No more Wars!!"

And they spread their message as far as it would reach.

In all countries they had visited, the inhabitants had been quite reluctant towards these crazy ideas, this bunch of radicals who wanted to just simply wipe out the traditions of thousands of years,

which by believers or non-believers were at least regarded with a touch of respect. But out of pure curiosity, the people had showed up at their meetings, and even in Italy and Russia, countries who were really hung up on their ancient preachings, they had managed to reap the slightest success.

And now, here, today, the big moment had come. From everywhere guests arrived by private planes or helicopters to join the first International meeting of the Congregation of Progressive Saints. There was hardly space enough on the specially constructed landing strip, behind the specially built world-shaped dome with the immense round table in it.

Gradually the round auditorium was filled with guests from all different colors and cultural manifestations, from simple Communist jackets to colorful Indian saris. When finally all guests were seated, the slightly nervous Main Progressive Saint stood up and addressed the company:

"We are very proud," he started and with some hesitation in his voice continued, "to welcome all you citizens of the world to this truly ecumenical gastronomic festivity. We will consider this meal as a symbolic inauguration of the age of Unity. No more Gods!! No more Wars!! No more old-fashioned worshipping!! Amen!!"

And before he almost made a slip of the tongue by exclaiming, "Let us pray together," the crowd cheered at him and yelled, "Hurray, Hallelujah! No More Gods! Amen!" and a lot more. Anxious to start devouring the meal after their long travels, the noise finally faded and most guests patiently sat back to await the first course of the extensive menu that read:



MENU



SUFI SOUP

FLUID DRUIDS

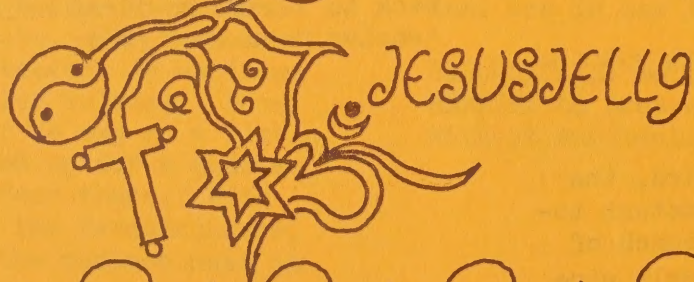
STEWED JEWS OR

MARINATED MUSLIMS

BAKED BUDDHIST & BAHAI BURGER

OR CRISPFRIED CHRISTIAN

DESERT, POPE PIE OR



MORELLA

DRAGONFLY
By Caro Walters

After I received a letter from Morocco telling me that Dragonfly had been stabbed in the back by a cretenous Arab on the beach in Essouira, I wrote a story for her (which I never sent) as I was sure she was wondering in her pain and indignancy--"WHY ME?"

.....

The bony child lay unheld on the palette in the hut of the scabby Arab whore. His arms and legs flailed in spasms as hunger pangs tore through his skinny body and his eyes searched feverishly her face for some sign of recognition. One glance, one smile, one word of acknowledgment, would have sufficed...but time passed and she didn't move and the child, cold and lousy, fell into a fitful sleep which staved off the tragic now for a few hours longer.

A scream and a jolt woke him in the night and he found himself laying on the hard earth floor, his mother lying beside him breathlessly still and silent. He stood up, turned away and walked out of the shack leaving the pungent pile of rags that had been his mother in the dark forever.

In the years that followed his release he gained the name of "The Twisted One", from the pimps and their whores, the merchants and the beggars, the narcotized and the derelictic ones who congregated in the darkest part of the city waterfront that he frequented. The name applied not only to his body but also to his state of mind and his method of surviving. Everything he had learnt was from these people, his unknowing professors, but as they saw their influences being absorbed and twisted by the mind of this degenerate youth, even they, who knew themselves to be the masters of underhand dealing, taunted him with this nickname and turned away.

He was alone, remained alone, not knowing an alternative.

The people who passed him on the street turned away in disgust and muttered to their companions "keep away from the Twisted One, he has evil in his mind." He never spoke, his suspicion of words kept him mute; never looked at anyone; his belief that even eyes lie, compounded his distrust for humans, their false laughter and incomprehensible gregariousness distracted him from his single-mindedness, his life's force, his utter and total contempt for humanity.

He pulled his ragged djelaba more tightly around his bony shoulders as he slouched away from the nighttime city's lights and towards the beach where he could make himself a sleeping place for the night among the stiff grasses that grew above the sand line. The shore was quiet at night, and he knew that in the earliest light of morning tide he would be able to feast himself on the spilled fish before the gulls had spied them from their lofty watch-places. Near the sands beginning he crouched down and shoveled with his hands among the grasses to make a hollow trough in which to lay his hideous body. The sound of the waves lulled him and slowly he relaxed and submerged into the night's oblivion for which the name sleep bore no relation.

The Twisted One was disturbed in the night by the sound of voices. Footsteps passed near his head and he heard spoken a language for which he had no name. Voices of young men and women, excited, joyous and happy, and one calling out, "...here Dragonfly, stay with us, take my hand." The one from whom the words came paused for a moment, and then passed on and there was silence for a moment. The youth among the grasses looked up from his sandy trough and squinted into the darkness trying to discern from where the voices came. The group was gone onto the beach but

the sound of footsteps made him turn to where the grass was tallest. From where he lay still he saw a young woman pushing briskly through the reeds, humming to herself and looking towards the beach. She passed quickly by and the Twisted One could feel the disturbed air in her wake touching his grimy face. At the moment that the first breath reached him his body stiffened, his nostrils twitched and his pupils dilated. Contained for a second in that softest breeze was a memory for him, a hint of the past that awakened his senses and poured in memory. He hung there in time unaware of self, sounds or surroundings and breathed in deeply trying to recall. Sensation filled his body that he didn't understand. His clenched fists that stood like gnarled wooden balls on the end of his stiff arms moved with an unconscious bidding across his belly and thighs in search of the root of his feelings. At the touch of something hard, they dived into the slit at the hip of his djelaba and withdrew; clenched in his right fist was his security, his weapon--his knife.

Screams from the beach disturbed his direction and he raised his body into a crouch in time to see naked young bodies glistening and white in the moonlight, running and tumbling, chasing and laughing. He looked again and couldn't see which from among the bodies was his woman...his woman, the one that he knew. The people were getting dressed now and in their deep coloured robes were becoming lost in the darkness. Only their faces showed now, white and smiling, lips forming words encouraging each other to be ready. The Twisted One remained crouched among the grasses waiting as he knew they might pass his place and then he could reach out--let their bodies contact and she would be his. Breath came in short gasps and his senses strained, tightly coiled, waiting.

In a moment the first one passed, then another and another and then as the next approached the brain of the Twisted One snapped as the equation that had been forming became clear, and he knew the answer. She smelled of the scent he knew. Amber oil. Amber oil equalled woman and woman equalled the one. The one that was the cause, the only woman he had ever loved. The one he had loved so terribly and who had rejected him. Left him for darkness on the earth floor of the hut. The spring that snapped in his mind sent vibrations through to every part of his body and he sprang from his grassy place screaming, searing energy, tearing his being from his body and towards the passing woman. As he tried to clutch her, arms flailing, a scream from her lips mingled with his and the two fell to the earth, a hideous cacophony shredding the night.

No words formed on the lips of the ones who were now physically joined, fist to knife, knife to back and a second's silence allowed her to glance through scarlet pained eyes at his petrified face and then blackness folded over her. Running feet and he looked up, bodies approached, his knife stood deserted. Erect in the back of the woman--Dragonfly.



Aborted,
from a limestone womb
societies rejects,
Blindly
groping for an invisible path,
In a maze
of do's
and don'ts,
That would confuse the most learned judge.

Equipped
with bitterness
and hate,
Sink
or swim in a murky pool
of blind hope,
futile dreams,
All pitiful victims of an insane scheme.

Infants,
abandoned in societies jungle,
returned and recycled,
Absurdly
by a judges bloodstained gavel,
To run a gauntlet of life
without meaning
without purpose,
In the bowels of a steel barred tomb.

nwa.

AND THE ALL NIGHT PEEK FREAKS.....

by
nancy ward-armour.

When we last left poor Patty Peek she was desperately trying to bust out of a trap laid for her by Nicky Narco and his Dastardly Sleazy Crew, somewhere in the vicinity of Tanglewood Tunnels and the Twenty Four Hour Peek and Freak Service Centre.

Patty had made the run for the much needed supply of loaded bats for her and the all night Peek Freaks who were on the verge of sleep. The dreaded horrors of sleep had nearly succumbed the all night peek freaks at Madness Manor where they were waiting, eyeball on cheekbone for their heroine Patty.

Nicky Narco had disguised himself as a roach clip salesman and had taken up his vantage point at the rear end of a dead end allyway behind the Twenty Four Hour Peek and Freak Service Centre.

Nicky was right in assuming Patty would try and lose her other fiendish foe, Peter Paranoia who attacks all peek freaks who dare to travel through tanglewood tunnels, by running headlong into the deadend alleyway. Peek Freaks realize one must never trust their one judgement on which way to turn to avoid Peter Paranoia. This being as their judgement is usually wrong. Therefore by doing the opposite of what you should do, Peter Paranoia can be foiled. So, by using her wrong judgement, which could now be termed her right judgement, she ran out of the clutches of Peter Paranoia into the clutches of Nicky Narco who was pretending to be a roach clip salesman, and his Dastardly Sleazy Crew who were appropriately disguised as, you guessed it, roach clips.

"Wanna buy a neat roach clip, Patty", tempted Nicky Narco. Not wanting to look abnormal, Patty dove into the closest garbage can declaring she had to mail an important letter to her dear sick grandmother who had just died of consumption last

week and was presently on the critical list at a local out of town hospital that accepts letters only and never visitors to people who had died of this contagious disease for at least a two week quarantine period. This typical Peek Freak statement caught Nicky so completely off guard that Patty had time to close the lid of the garbage can over her head and proceeded to swallow the party pack of loaded bats, paper bag and all, when to her horror she noticed the beady eyes and sly, snickering smile of her other arch enemy, Peter Paranoia sharing the same garbage can.

What new disaster can befall poor Patty Peek and the all night Peek Freaks. Will she get out of the garbage can before Peter Paranoia succeeds in blowing her mind. Will she successfully swallow the party pack of loaded bats before Nicky Narco and his Dastardly Sleazy Crew bust the garbage can. And what of the All Night Peek Freaks? Will they become engulfed in that killer disease sleep?

Tune in tomorrow folks, for the further adventures of Patty Peek and the all night Peek Freaks, brought to you by the easily inhaled breakfast cereal of champions, QUICKSTART, and by your friendly, twenty four hour Peek and Freak Service Centres.

The Queen was a Pothead.

Last year, 300,000 Americans were arrested for smoking an herb that Queen Victoria used regularly for Menstrual Cramps. In 1894, The Indian Hemp Commission reported marijuana to be relatively harmless. Most recently the Presidents own Commission substantiated this claim. The state of Oregon has since de-criminalized marijuana. There is hope, baby, there is hope.

A POEM
By Tokyo

These bars are cold
Their colours are absurd
They range in and out of my sight
These bars are made to hold
The people who are never right

These bars cry at night
Their steel cuts into my heart
Each time I think of freedom
They remind me that I wasn't right
These bars are no work of art

They hold no future for us
For how can steel melt someone's
heart?

And how can you tell us apart
When out there you're just as wrong
When society says we can't be trusted

Leave them behind those bars
Justice has taken its time
But now these bars have our lives
And left us with horrible scars
To wear the rest of our lives.

REHABILITATION
By Beda Berndtsson

Rehabilitation is...being sentenced to prison, for treatment and punishment...and finding out there is little of the former and a lot of the latter.

Rehabilitation is...going before the disciplinary court with no prior infractions in prison and being told you are con-wise. Or going before the same committee with half a dozen minor violations over a two year period i.e.: a jar of jelly in your cell and being told you are an obvious non-conforming and rebellious individual.

Rehabilitation is...being told time and time again by the "man" that if you can't get along with this setting of hate, violence, alienation, idleness, despair, distrust and no loved ones, you wouldn't make a good parole risk in society where there is some love, compassion and freedom.

Rehabilitation is...living, eating, sleeping and working with the "dregs of society" and yet being expected to improve your outlook on life and solve your hangups.

Rehabilitation is...being sentenced to the hole because of past disciplinary infractions to a program. There is no program but isolation. There is no adjustment except for the worst.

Rehabilitation is...trying to control the self-contempt for being in the prison environment... and losing the battle.

Rehabilitation is...seeing the daily incompetence and inefficiency of the free working in prison... the same people that are supposed to be setting the correct example for you on the road to being a good citizen.

Rehabilitation is...having the judge, the parole board and professional staff at the prison strongly recommend psychiatric treatment during your incarceration...and seeing the head shrinker once a year for 30 minutes.

Rehabilitation is...being paroled, reporting to the parole officer promptly, and being told at the start of the conversation that if you make one false move you're on your way back to prison.

By George Watson

(Editorial Comment: George Watson is past editor of Quarter Century Group's publication at Millhaven and past editor of Avatar. George is currently doing time at Collins Bay)

In Kingston, Ontario, there is a large stone structure surrounded by a high cement wall. Inside this structure, which has been nicknamed "Petticoat Palace" (a more appropriate name is "Medieval Dungeon") 92 women are serving sentences for committing various crimes.

These women are not forgotten completely. A muck-raking newspaper reporter from the Kingston Whig Standard, Donna Barnett wrote an article revealing that 18 of the ladies were AWOL. The fact that each time one of the ladies went AWOL, it was duly reported in her newspaper didn't deter Kingston's answer to Brenda Starr.

It was a very timely article. It appeared in the newspaper 17 days before Christmas and put "heat" on the Prison for Women. Nothing could have been more damaging to the women who were hoping to get a temporary absence in order to spend Christmas with their loved ones. It was an example of "yellow journalism" at its lowest. There is a story that should be written about the Prison for Women but not one that covers a four-year period because an average of four women a year didn't return from a pass. But attacking 92 women who are locked up is pretty safe because they can't fight back.

Canada practices equality for women--in its criminal courts. Commit a crime and whether you are a man or a woman, you are going to jail. But once the women are in prison, the inequality returns.

When a man is sentenced to prison, he is sent to a prison closest to his home (or can be transferred to one). When he is serving his sentence, it is possible, in some prisons, for him to learn a marketable trade. If he is serving a short sentence, he can be transferred to a medium or minimum security prison where life is more bearable. For the women in prison, it is quite another story.

Whether the woman lives in Vancouver, B.C. Halifax, N.S., she will be sent to Kingston, Ontario. The fact the prison is thousands of miles away from her loved ones means nothing. (What the hell, Warren, there are only 92 of them).

Trades? Of course. They can work in the laundry, tailor shop, kitchen, commercial studies (shorthand and typing) and can even learn to be a hairdresser. This should enable them to find a job anywhere where they can earn the minimum wage.

Security? There is only one type of security for women--the maximum type.

One mustn't forget that some women have been sent to Quebec and Alberta, but what is happening to these women in the two provinces? Are they being treated as "maximum security risks" and being denied the same privileges as the provincial prisoners? Are they being kept in special wings and being denied programs available to the provincial prisoners? Being a cynic, I'll answer my own questions. You bet they are.

The Solicitor General (Hi, Warren) in one of his propaganda statements to the news media said: "We are going to build smaller prisons and this will enable us to work much better with inmates and be able to make more programs available to them" (or similar words). Allmand suggested 150 prisoners for his "model" prisons.

Why isn't the Prison for Women run as a model prison then? There are only 92 prisoners there. (It's a model all right but so was Auschwitz).

Why isn't the cell block demolished (by them girls--not you) and completely replaced with small cottages? There is a wall around the prison and there are guards so why must women live in cells?

Why can't the women have their children in there living with them? Why should children be deprived of their mother just because society needs to collect its pound of flesh? It is true the children would be spoiled but if a so-called backward country like Mexico allows it, why can't a so-called advanced country like Canada follow suit? Probably, the reason is because it would be humane and after all, the women must be punished, eh Ethel?

Why don't they have training in any course that at least six women are interested in learning? The Community College in Belleville offered to train inmates in Millhaven in any course that would be attended by at least six inmates. The fact that the security staff in Millhaven killed the offer doesn't alter the fact, an offer was made. Why can't it be made available to the women?

If all women prisoners are forced to serve their sentence in Kingston, why doesn't the government make transportation available to the prisoners' loved ones at least twice a year? After all, another of Warren Allmand's gems to the news media was how important close family ties are to the prisoner's "rehabilitation." So why doesn't he act?

There are numerous things that should be done but never will be for the simple reason that, "what the hell, Warren, there are only 92 of them."

When the reader goes to bed tonight, remember, in this great "democratic" country of ours, there are 92 women sleeping in a celled bathroom, because that is what it is, a celled bathroom. But why be different, don't remember, instead, just forget it, everybody else has.

SHAFTED AGAIN By nancy ward-armour

Once again the Federal Government has dismally failed to carry through any responsible drug rehabilitation program for federal women.

At present the Portage after-care centre in the Quebec Province has been changed to exclude Anglophones.

The Federal Government has admitted that the majority of women in federal institutions are addicts or serving time for drug related crimes. However with a typical "head in the sand approach" does nothing to even try and alleviate this problem. They admit that most of us are here because of drug abuse, they further admit and have stressed for years the necessity of drug rehabilitation centres for women, they approve elaborate programs for male drug offenders, and they sit on their butts when it comes to the federal female prisoner.

Women here at the prison are not surprised at the inequality of the Federal Government in its failure to do anything short of turning their back on the women at Kingston Prison.

"As a group, women in prison suffer the mutually reinforcing problems of both women and prisoners. However, due perhaps to their relatively small number, their predominantly non-militant posture, and the apparent infrequency of overt brutality by their keepers, women prisoners have been neglected even by the women's rights and prisoners' rights movements"

This quotation was
uttered by Marily G. Haft
printed in Emergency
Librarian

POEMS BY CARO WALTERS

Feminine Futility

Tried to hang myself today I did
tied a Tampax string from the door knob to my neck
and plunged to my hopeless death
from a sticky backed Kotex pad.

Untitled

Symbiosis, halitosis?
Brush your teeth with E.S.P.,
Liberation, constipation
Drink a pint of L.S.D.
Perspiration, irritation?
Spray on instant K.G.B.,
Entertaining, conservating?
Munch a crunchy C.B.C.

RAPE STUDY
Editorial Comment

TIGHTWIRE received a letter from Betsy Spaulding of the Psychology Department at University of Guelph requesting that we print the following ad. She is "doing a study on the effects of rape and am trying to ask women from most parts of Canada to help me by filling out my questionnaire."

We of TIGHTWIRE sincerely hope that some of you, inmates or subscribers, respond to Betsy's request, for we are each of us someone else's learning tree. And by relating one's experiences and reactions to the right person one can possibly prevent someone else from undergoing similar heartache and mental anguish. The ad is:

Although there is much concern and discussion about rape these days, very little is actually known in terms of what the experience means to the woman herself. We are now beginning a study on the social and psychological effects of rape on women. For this study, rape means any act of sexual intercourse you are made to commit against your will whether it be by your husband, neighbour or a stranger. The results of this study will be used to help women who have been raped. Because everyone's experience is unique, we need to talk with and receive information from as many women as possible. Great care will be taken to guarantee that the name of the participants are never associated with this study. Anything you might tell us is strictly confidential. If you have ever been raped and would be willing to fill out a questionnaire or be interviewed, please write to me at the address below or call (519) 742-6745

Betsy Spaulding
c/o Psychology Department
University of Guelph
Guelph, Ontario

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR

bj

This issue's question goes beyond the concerns of imprisonment within these grey walls as expounded in previous KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR columns and takes a look at imprisonment within the female body. One of the fruits of the Feminist movement has been the increased public attention and revised legislation concerning rape. Rape is defined as being forced to indulge in the sex act against one's will. The traditional viewpoint has been that the female victim of rape has signalled her "come on" in the form of dress, gestures, bodily movement, etc. What is your opinion?

"Well, I have never been raped but I know this guy I was living with who went out raping other women but he wasn't sick, he was my old man. I think the women who got raped really liked it. But me, I don't think I would like it. I think I'd kill a guy if someone tried to rape me."

"Which one! I mean there's all different kinds of rape. Rape of a 14 year old--that is sick. That's a different aspect all together. But some women I think do ask for it. It all depends on the circumstances surrounding it, e.g. a chick and her old man go to bed, they get it on and afterwards have a fight, the chick runs to the cop shop screaming rape. But is it? This is one of the questions that leaves you frustrated because you can't sit down and really clarify it. It's a bit of the before, during and after the "rape" that should determine whether or not it is rape. Child rape is the exception."

"Well having never been raped, I would have to agree (to the traditional view). You can't say how it goes. Sometimes I think it's true but sometimes I think it's not; maybe sometimes it's a guy who hates women, who wants to put women down to degrade them or something."

"I think he (a rapist) has a complex. It could be a mother complex or something e.g. his mother could have been very free with men in front of him or he could believe that all women are tramps. I think some women do flaunt

their bodies to be used or misused or whatever. Wearing pants too tight, too short, thumbing rides, pick-ups in bars, etc. If she is an innocent victim she could pull the "Come On" which might turn him off (if her being frightened and vulnerable turns him on) or she could run and scream drawing attention to herself. I was raped when I was a child. I was 7 and I didn't tell anyone until I was 18. It didn't affect me later but then I was scared, I was petrified. When a man is f--king with a child, a child is not too quick to tell."

"I have never been raped but from evidence I have seen and read about I think a rape victim almost never is the antagonist. I think rape stems from--no I don't know what rape stems from. I'd like to think I know, it's too wide for me even to consider. There is also the consideration that rape doesn't only happen on the streets and in the parks; it happens as often at home when a husband rapes his wife only it's never possible to make any case of that because that's considered legal rape. I get a feeling that trying to fight the attacker is a hopeless case and that it's better to try to engage your attacker in some form of diversionary tactics e.g. if you sit down on the ground and start to cry or try to engage him in some sort of conversation--do anything but don't struggle. Here's a P.S., something I think is really funny. In England three women are serving sentences for raping a man."

"This statement about 'signalled her come on' really annoys me. I don't think just because a woman is dressed the way she dresses gives a guy a reason to rape her. How can they be giving the guy an excuse, does this mean if you have a short

skirt on or tight trousers it's O.K. to be raped? It doesn't matter what you have on, if a man is going to rape you, he's going to rape you just like you see them raping an 80 year old woman--an 80 year old woman isn't going to be a turn on for a man and yet older people do get raped."

"It doesn't matter how a woman is dressed or how she looks because one man's dessert is another man's nightmare. It doesn't matter if she covers her body or if she doesn't. And, I think if a man rapes a broad he should go to jail. Yes, I've been raped, the first time was a guy that I knew for a very short period of time and I was very naive. He asked me to go up to his place and like a common goof I agreed. I got raped and I called the police. He was arrested then his brothers came after me and told me if I laid charges I wouldn't be worth looking at. Now that I'm older and maturer I wouldn't go to the police now if I were raped. I would go get somebody and have his (the rapist) act straightened out. That's where women make mistakes, when they are young, because they are so naive. They have met a guy and think he's nice and in the meanwhile you are a big trick."

"Well that is one viewpoint but that's not the only one. I have never been raped so I don't really know. Obviously the rapist would have some sort of mental problem. The same is true of baby killers. These two crimes are the one's looked down upon by the general inmate population which is significant and I think these crimes are committed by those who have mental problems. But, I don't feel a jail term is doing anything. I think they need some kind of psychiatric help. It's probably got something to do with their childhood, their mother and sh-t like that. I agree that some women do come on with men but even in the end if they're taken without their consent, I feel it's wrong."

"I think it's really phony. I don't believe what it says about no girl can

be raped. I think a man can overpower a woman at anytime. I don't think dress, gestures, talk, speech or hand movements have anything to do with it. I haven't been raped but I have been forced into the act against my will. To me it was the same as rape, I didn't want it I didn't enjoy it, it was pain--but it was my husband therefore it wasn't legal rape. I have really strong opinions regarding a person who says she was raped but she was too scared to talk about it because of what people say about women not being raped without causing it; because if a man's going to do it, he's going to do it and I don't go along with any of these traditional opinions."

"Obviously a man wrote that (traditional opinion statement). Are we all supposed to walk around dreary, dumpy, eyes down-cast to the ground, or wear a big sign around our necks saying I DO NOT WANT SEX? It's the poorest excuse they have ever come out with, but the only one that could apply to such a pious, chauvinistic statement. There's no excuse for it--it's assault and I'd lead-pipe the guys melon before the 'courts' had a chance to justify his actions!"

"I would never dream of being raped. Obviously anything that is negative that happens in a person's life, a negative experience, has something to do with an accumulation of their 'bad actions.' At the same time I personally can't say a rape is always necessarily a negative happening. It really depends on the situation, e.g. a person who has never had the chance to get laid does get laid (chuckle). A lot of times it seems to me that the victim can have a psychological advancing through the whole situation i.e. a person who never really cared about other persons before could see that by this happening to them it could cause their own compassion to outflow to others in similar or non-similar circumstances."

UNTITLED
Sunday October 13/74

As I lay here and wonder
About the day just passed,
I wonder if you're receiving my vibes.
I want to comfort you in a way
That we both understand the situation.
I need the proof of your existence in my life.
That is, of course, if you can consider it.
You want to speak, but I hear no words,
I am encountered with an unknown answer.

Oh if I could make you see
What I am feeling now.
I have already presented to you
A message both body and soul deliver.
I look at your face and wonder
What it is, that you're holding back,
Why not express what you feel?
Don't keep me hanging on end.
I am being open, but I'm also
Prepared for a falling star.
As I said, "I won't let you hurt me".
Speak your mind, and don't
Hide behind a mask.

Don't ask me to say please,
Just let me know where it's at.
I am waiting for your answer!

Found and Submitted by

Israel Barsky.

Justice for the Elite - Spelled JUSTASS

By nancy ward-armour

A Kingston man was recently found guilty, by his own admission, of defrauding his trusting investors of their monies. The fraudulent proceeds were deposited into his own private Real Estate firm.

There were thirteen charges. The largest being \$72,000 and the "smallest" \$1,300. A pretty good haul for an "amateur." The kindly Crown Attorney dropped another charge of theft involving \$201,806 against the man (a mere pittance) because he was good enough to plead guilty to the fraud charges. The newspaper did not indicate if this was a separate charge or related to the original crime.

Is this man in one of our limestone fortresses paying the price of loss of freedom right now? No. He is at home, but we do not want to be too harsh on the poor fellow at the beginning of the festive season. But, justice will prevail. After he has eaten his Christmas Goose, enjoyed the New Years celebrations, and made his resolutions for the coming year, he shall be brought back to court to learn the outcome of the judges' decision. I wonder if he will go to jail, or receive a stern lecture and probation?

Why is this man receiving such "White Glove" treatment? The esteemed lawyer for the defense pleads he did not originally intend to defraud his clients. Yet he deliberately falsified documents to keep his crime a secret. The "Company" the investors put their money and faith into for a period of years was never incorporated as he led them to believe. But, maybe he was so busy collecting their savings he had overlooked this small detail. As his own legitimate company was failing, he had to save it somehow, so he transferred the money from the investors company and declared

bankruptcy to protect his own investments. This may not be "camp" in the business world, but then it is nowhere in comparison as criminal as some of the hardened cases in here. After all breaking the windows of police cruisers and other petty nuisance crimes are being given penitentiary sentences in some of Canada's courts.

I wonder where the word "dangerous criminal" should apply? Certainly not to a member of our society who held such prominent posts as a pastor of a church and past president of hisridings Progressive Conservative Association.....these people "make mistakes."

P.S. Well isn't anyone going to circulate a petition demanding we get this man off the streets!

P.P.S. By print time the poor fellow had received reformatory time--under 2 years!!!



MUDDLED IN THE METRIC MIRE????

By b.j.

Rosemary S. brought to my attention a chart on which target dates have been set for the various products, occupations and public services to convert to metric measurement. As part of a math assignment, Rosemary has gathered a lot of information about the metric system. In doing so, she began to anticipate her own difficulties with the system when she hits the street and wants to share with you her basic findings.

The old method of measuring which has been taught in the Americas for well over 200 years is a conglomeration of several systems. The metric system will bring all weights and measurements under one system of counting based on the number ten. Most of the world's nations already use the metric system.

Canada, U.S., Australia, United Kingdom and New Zealand are some of the countries currently converting to the metric way of life. The adaptation of a singular method of measuring on a planetwide scale can be viewed as the first step toward a worldwide common language and the eradication of the curse of Babel. Scientists of the world have long acknowledged the communicability of numbers.

Not only is the widespread use of one system advantageous, but the metric number system itself is said to be easier, simpler and more efficient. But, those of us whose brains have begun to atrophy with years of outdated knowledge will find it difficult and more complicated because we'll be thinking in the Imperial System of gallons, quarts and pints then converting it into metric liters and cubic centimeters. For those of you who've convinced yourself that you can get by without knowing anything about it, an editor of the American Metric Journal says, "If John and Mary are beyond school age and not employed in a measurement sensitive industry or

profession, and they refuse to convert, they will probably be able to survive. Someone will sock it to 'em once in a while. They may try to turn off the freeway and go through a barrier because the sign said, EXIT--ONE KILOMETRE, and they waited for a mile before turning. It will be difficult for young to middle-aged people to avoid metric, but not impossible."

It may not be impossible, but it will be difficult for the next two to three years has been set to bring about many changes on the Canadian weights and measurements scene. The temperature, which we've already grappled with this winter, was the first of the change-overs to affect the larger public. The summer 1976 Olympics will be conducted in metric. Toilet goods, sugar and the shoe industry are to convert this year as well. Food weights, groceries and clothing sizes have been set for the latter part of this and early part of the next year. In 1977 all cars manufactured for sale in Canada must have metric odometers (accumulated mileage travelled) and speedometers. Highway and road signs will read km/h instead of the familiar mph. Gas stations must all change-over by the late 70's and there is already an experimental station in Toronto pumping gas by the liters.

To help you through the metric mire are the following most often used measures:

CONVERT	INTO
1 Pound	0.454 Kilograms
1 Ounce	28.35 Grams
1 Mile	1.6 Kilometres
1 Foot	0.3 Metres
1 Inch	2.54 Centimetres

When items are given in the metric and you're still hung up on the old system to get your sense of proportion, use the figures below to convert back into the familiar.

1 Kilogram	2.2 Pounds
1 Gram	0.35 Ounces
1 Kilometre	0.625 Miles
1 Metre	3.33 Feet
1 Centimetre	0.433 Inches

If you weigh 118 pounds multiply your weight by 0.454 to get your weight in kilograms e.g.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 0.4 \ 5 \ 4 \text{ (kilograms per pound)} \\
 1 \ 1 \ 8 \text{ (pounds)} \\
 \hline
 3 \ 6 \ 3 \ 2 \\
 4 \ 5 \ 4 \\
 \hline
 4 \ 5 \ 4 \\
 \hline
 5 \ 3.5 \ 7 \ 2 \text{ (your weight would be 53.5 kilograms)}
 \end{array}$$

If you want to buy 3 ounces of herbs multiply by 28.35 to get the weight in grams e.g.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 2 \ 8.3 \ 5 \text{ (grams per ounce)} \\
 3 \text{ (ounces)} \\
 \hline
 8 \ 5.0 \ 3 \text{ (you would purchase 85 grams of the herb)}
 \end{array}$$

If you are driving 45 miles per hour (mph) you would multiply by 1.6 to get mileage in kilometres per hour (kmh) e.g.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 1.6 \text{ (kilometres per mile)} \\
 4 \ 5 \text{ (miles per hour)} \\
 \hline
 8 \ 0 \\
 \hline
 6 \ 4 \\
 \hline
 7 \ 2.0 \text{ (your speed would be 72 kilometres per hour)}
 \end{array}$$

If you are 5 ft. tall and you would like to know your height in metres, multiply by 0.3 e.g.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 0.3 \text{ (metres per ft)} \\
 5 \text{ (feet)} \\
 \hline
 1.5 \text{ (you would be one and a half metres tall)}
 \end{array}$$

If Tom Thumb were 2 inches tall and he'd like to know his height in centimetres he would multiply by 2.54 e.g.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 2.5 \ 4 \text{ (centimetres per inch)} \\
 2 \text{ (inches)} \\
 \hline
 5.08 \text{ (Tom Thumb would be 5 centimetres tall)}
 \end{array}$$

WHISTLE WIND!
By Jude Geehan

Whistle, Wind!
With all your might,
'Cause I have you beat,
On this cold, dark night,
It is I who is the strong and silent,
Tho' it's all the noise you make,
You think you laugh and mock at me,
And you make the world shake.

Well, laugh at me and mock you may,
But I will tell you from my soul,
There are many winds; I've heard the same,
But you see--my body's whole.
Is it what I've said, O Wind?
Or did I hear you faintly cry?
Did you stop your whistle and your laugh,
Because you know it's time to die?

WORD GAMES

bj

Watched you today
Watched you play
With words
Tumbling off your face
Tripping on top of each other
Like in a race toward
The someone else there
Deflecting your stare
Who pretending to care
About your disjointed thoughts
Let you trip in the
Web of verbosity

So you kept on
Letting the words stumble out
Between the pout
Of your lips
As the inability to make
The words understood
Allowed your playing
With the way
You said them

SILVERFACE OF FANTASY

By Marcella Levi

Not far from here
a marble staircase
shows a way
through golden gates
into another dream
where a surreptitious kiss
just melts away
 in the eye
 of the transparent bypasser
where two longing bodies
find their way
floating into
endless streams
 of
 intoxicant silence
But the sleep of a hundred years
shows nothing but the silver face of fantasy

THE EXPLOITS OF THE INCOMPARABLE MULLA NASRUDDIN
A SUFI SAGE OF TURKEY
By Indries Shah

Never Know When It Might Come
in Useful

Nasrudin sometimes took people for trips in his boat. One day a fussy pedagogue hired him to ferry him across a very wide river. As soon as they were afloat the scholar asked whether it was going to be rough. "Don't ask me nothing about it" said Nasrudin. "Have you ever studied grammar?" asked the Scholar. "No," said the Mulla. "In that case," said the Scholar, "half your life has been wasted." The Mulla said nothing. Soon a terrible storm blew up. The Mulla's crazy cockleshell was filling with water. He leaned over towards his companion and said, "Have you ever learned to swim?" "No," said the pedant. "In that case, schoolmaster, ALL your life is lost, for we are sinking."

The Smuggler

Time and again Nasrudin passed from Persia to Greece on donkey back. Each time he had two panniers of straw, and trudged back without them. Every time the guard searched him for contraband. They never found any. "What are you carrying, Nasrudin?" they would ask. He would reply, "I am a smuggler." Years later, more and more prosperous in appearance, Nasrudin moved to Egypt. One of the Customs men met him there. "Tell me Mulla, now that you are out of the jurisdiction of Greece and Persia, living here in such luxury--what what it that you were smuggling when we could never catch you?" "Donkeys."

The Fool

A philosopher, having made an appointment to dispute with Nasrudin, called and found him away from home. Infuriated, he picked up a piece of chalk and wrote "STUPID OAF" on Nasrudin's gate. As soon as he got home and saw this, the Mulla rushed to the philosopher's house. "I had forgotten," he said, "that you were to call. And I apologize for not having been at home. Of course, I remembered the appointment as soon as I saw that you had left your name on my door."

Supply and Demand

His Imperial Majesty the Shahinshah arrived unexpectedly at the teahouse where Nasrudin had been left in charge. The Emperor called for an omelette. "We shall now continue with the hunt," he told the Mulla. "So tell me what I owe you." "For you and your five companions, Sire, the omelettes will be a thousand gold pieces," said the Mulla. The Emperor raised his eyebrows. "Eggs must be very costly here. Are they as scarce as all that?" "It is not the eggs," said the Mulla, "which are scarce here, Majesty--it is the visits of Kings."

MACDONALDS A HIT AT PAW'S WINTER CARNIVAL

By Jude Geehan

On Friday, February 13, Prison for Women had their Winter Carnival. The first winter sports day for the women and staff was a big success even though the "Great Thaw" threatened a number of the events that were held. The inmates and the staff put a lot of work into flooding the skating rink. The fall down in cooperation came from Jack Frost. The skating had to be cancelled because there wasn't enough ice for skating. Because of a lack of toboggans the toboggan races also had to be cancelled. The rest of the sports went as scheduled.

The outside door opened at 1:00 p.m. and a number of the women were doing ice and snow sculptures. They put together some nice work, Rose H. taking first prize. She made an Indian head. Second prize went to the Enchanted Castle, a joint project by Caro W. and Marcella L. Nicky A. with the help of Gail B. took third prize with her Snowman.

The Snowshoe relay race was quite popular and a lot of fun. The inmates took on the staff and Sandy J., Connie D., Betty-Ann S., Marlene A. and Marie Gen. picked up a win for the inmates.

Even the "Great Thaw" didn't dampen the spirits. The skies came out and the cross country ski race took place (around a grass patch or two) and this race was won by Glenna R. who came first, Nancy W-A. second and Linda A. third.

Another victory came by the inmates as they beat staff at broomball. They left them with a tight score of 1 to 0.

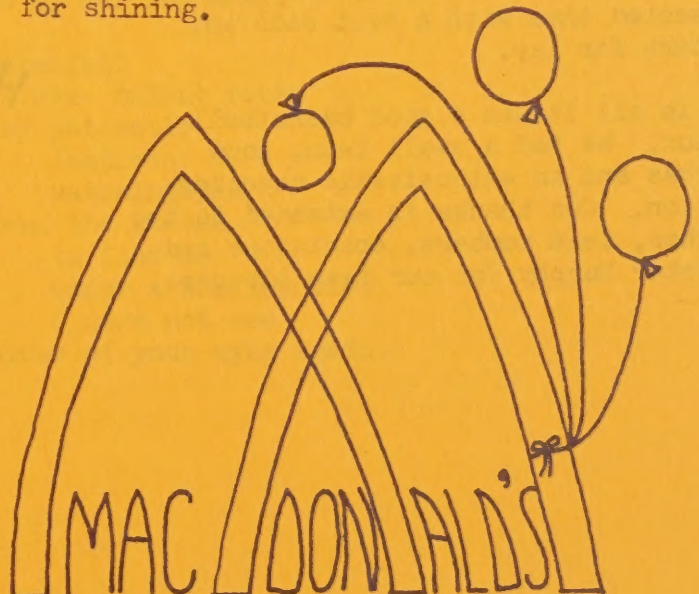
The winning team included Connie D., Rose R., Violet B., Marlene A., Geri P., Joan T., Gigi R., and Helen Y.

The Bar-B-Que pits were set up in the yard where everyone could get a drink of hot bubbling chocolate. At 4:00 p.m. the gym was opened and Big Mac's were served to the population. Along with the Big Mac's, MacDonald's supplied their orange drink, french fries and hot apple pie.

Awards were given to the winning contestants.

MacDonald's donated tickets for free Big Macs, some of which were given for the Winter Carnival prizes.

A big thanks goes out to MacDonalds who by providing free Big Macs to the Winter Carnival, insured its success. Also thanks goes out to the inmates and staff who worked hard to make the day a success and to the sun for shining.



SPORTS REVIEW
By Jude Geehan

Basketball season is over. The Angels had their final play-off against the Inn and lost two of the games, leaving the Inn with the championship.

After the final play-off game the Angels had their trophy awards given in the backroom of the gym. The Most Valuable Player Award went to Geri P.

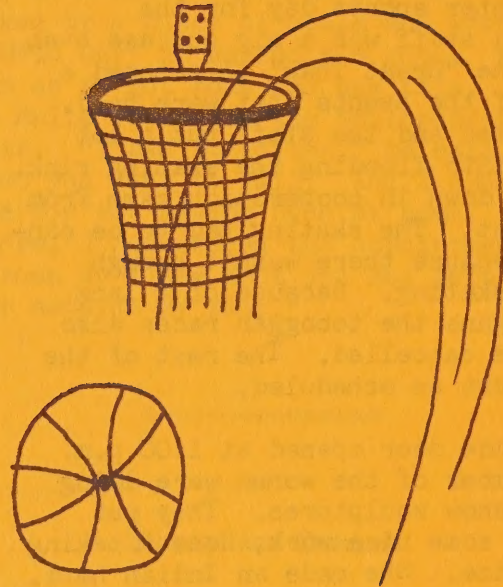
Marcella L. took the Rookie of the Year award.

Lis P. was awarded the Sportsman of the Year trophy.

A special trophy was awarded for the help extended to the team which included little jobs such as washing uniforms and such. This award went to Nancy W-A who was a great help in this department.

Also Kay Charbonneau was at the final game and it was really good to see her there. It was nice to have her back. In appreciation to both Kay and Claudette L. our coaches, the team presented them with a belt each and posters for Kay.

All in all it was a good basketball season. We had a swell team, good coaches and an enthusiastic cheering section. Our thanks is extended to the coaches, team members, spectators and to Peter Murphy for our team pictures.



HODRAY

YEA

ANGELS

GO TEAM

HODRAY

POEMS
By Marcella Levi

You

Today
I touched your eyes
with tomorrows fingertips
as if our vibes
were not enough
 not anymore
as if tomorrow
brings salvation
from
Today

A Pale Blue Stream of You

Your pale blue eyes
look sad and dry
I can feel the tears
as they drop by
 into my melting soul.

Your waterfall
wanders over silent rocks
as I lay patiently
 restless
 watching you
come down the stream
 to find me
 under a weeping tree
 I dare not see
the colour of your eyes again.

GOING HOME
By Diana Voss

Dear Mother, just a line to let you know I'm okay
And I'll be coming home again someday
Maybe in the springtime when the birds are returning
And the roses on the hill are blooming and burning
And the mountains are clothed in red and green
We'll sit in the meadow and I'll tell you what I've seen.

But mama, if I'm not back by fall
Then you'll know I won't be home at all

Mom, I know I've never been the perfect child
And your friends have all said I was wild
But I've never done anything I can regret
I've lived and seen sun rise and the moon set
I live for the moment, for the sun's warming ray
But Mama, I'll be coming home again someday
Maybe in the summer when the garden's a-growing
And the grass ripples in the wind when it's blowing
And the forest is alive with its summertime song
We'll sit on the lawn and I'll tell you where I've been so long

But Mama, if I'm not home by fall
Then you'll know I'm not coming home at all

Mom, I know you don't understand my need to go and my wanderlust
But I like the sense of freedom and the smell of road dust
Your friends have all called me worthless, useless and a bum
But I'll get by until I die or lose my thumb

Mom, I've lived a happy life and I just want you to know
That I love you very much and miss you so
And I wish that I was with you and had never gone away
But Mama, I'll be coming home again someday

We'll sit and talk of things that were and things that might have been
Of love and life and flowers and trees and everything that's inbetween
But Mom, I won't return in winter for I can't stand the cold
Because the naked trees and dirty snow make me feel so old

So Mama, if I'm not home by fall
Then you'll know I won't be home at all

Mom, spring and summer are just seasons in my mind
Like the disappearing hills I've always tried to climb
I'm sorry Mom, but I won't be home again
Because the water in my eyes is the autumn rain
And winter is upon me, the snow is heavy in my eyes
And I'm going to a better place of spring and summer skies

So meet me at the station, I'll be on the morning train
I'm coming home Mama, and I'll never leave again
Take me to my favorite meadow and then just walk away
For Mother, I've come home to stay

THINK OR THWIM.

Dear Readers;

As with all small papers and magazines the New Tightwire is facing financial difficulties. We have had to overcome paper shortages, mail strikes, price increases and postage increases. The net amount of copies we mail are not enough to qualify us for a reduced postage rate. The amount of postage we pay per edition depends on the weight. We do not intend to raise our price. We also do not wish to make smaller editions. What we are asking is that anyone we are sending complimentary copies to, to please pay a subscription fee if they possibly can. Those who can not, we will still mail to you. Our only system of raising funds is through subscriptions. We print approximately three hundred copies. Of these only one hundred are paid subscriptions. Any business person can figure out from here why we are in the red. In order to maintain our present circulation we are appealing to those of you on the outside who feel we are worthy of the two dollar a year fee, to please help us out in this manner. We hope you enjoy this edition of Tightwire as we always enjoy the freedom to print it.

Sincerely,

Nancy Ward-Armour

Co-Editor, Tightwire.

HELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELPHELP

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